

24
14
23
86

STETSON ORACLE



Tercentenary Issue

Ref
371.897

St

Randolph Savings Bank

1851 ---- 1930

Seventy-nine Years of Progress

RECENT DIVIDENDS

Christmas Club
Coal and Tax Club

5%

Foreign Drafts
Travelers Checks

CARD OF THANKS

As Editor-in-Chief of the Oracle, I wish to take this opportunity to thank those who have in any way helped to make this issue of the Oracle a success; especially Mr. Swett who has inspired us by his real interest, Miss Brennan, our Advisor, and our Advertisers.

Owen Kiernan.

Start Early--- Make this your Bank.
Deposits as low as \$1.00 per month.
Shares always on sale.

Randolph Co-operative Bank

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

Contents

Picture of Stetson High School Building	2
"Oracle" Staff	3
Dedication	4
Tercentenary of the Mass. Bay Colony	5
Randolph Tragedy	6
Worthwhile Opportunities My First Solo Flight	7
The Foxy Fox	8
Competition	9
Alphhbet	10
How Honesty Paid for Patriotism at the Tercentenary	10
To a Friend	12
My Narrowest Escape	13
Alumni	14
School News League Meeting	15
Athletics	16
Jokes	18
Our Advertisers	18 to 32

771377

6-14-77

G. ft

Ref

371.297

ST



STETSON HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING



XIV. No. 1 Stetson High School. Randolph, Mass. Nov. 25, 1930

SINGLE COPIES TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

ORACLE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Owen Kiernan
Assistant Editor	Virginia Hall
Business Manager	James Norris
Literary Editor	Mary McLaughlin
Assistant Editor	Gilbert Boyer
Athletics	Alice Murphy
..	Melvin McGonnigle
Alumni	John Porter
Advertising Manager	Jane Brennan
Assistant Manager	Helen Brennan
Jokes	Clement Taylor
	John Flynn
Class Notes	Frances Thayer
Advisor	Winifred M. Brennan



Dedicated

IN SINCERE AND HUMBLE GRATITUDE
TO ONE
WHO SHOWS HIS KINDLY INTEREST IN THE
DEVELOPMENT OF SCHOLARSHIP
AND GOOD CITIZENSHIP
AND
WHOSE FRIENDSHIP WE CHERISH
TO
MR. WARREN J. SWETT
OUR PRINCIPAL

Tercentenary of the Massachusetts1630 Bay Colony 1930

Education

As we all know, this year marks the 300th anniversary of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the City of Boston.

Looking back to those days, most school children don't realize how fortunate they are in having a modern school house with all the latest facilities which enable them to obtain a fundamental knowledge of learning. Ofter we find boys and girls who do not appreciate how well off they are in having these schools and modern houses of learning. If they could trace back 300 years and see conditions such as were then, maybe they would pay better attention to their studies. The oldest educational institution is the Boston Public Latin School established by the English Colonists of Boston in 1635. At that time the school rooms were not like those of today,—bare walls, rough desks and benches, no pictures or maps, and very few books. A large fire place at one end of the small, bare room kept those boys near it too warm, while those on the other side were too cold. There were no pens or pencils and what writing was done was written on a dried parchment with quills with a mixture of tea and iron for ink.

School began at seven o'clock in the morning and was opened by the master who read a few prayers from the Bible. The boys, for girls did not attend school in those days, recited and studied until eleven o'clock and then went home for their scanty cold meal. On Mondays, they stayed until twelve o'clock to answer questions on the weekly, five hour sermon the previous Sunday. Immediately after dinner, at approximately one o'clock, they returned and remained in the cold room until five o'clock.

Punishments for misdemeanors were extremely severe. In those days, whispering was a serious offence, and often if the person was caught he was obliged to have wedged between his teeth a whispering stick, which consisted of a piece of wood, thrust into his mouth with strings attached to each end and

tied around the back of his neck, thus forcing the culprit to keep his mouth open for hours at a time. There was also the whipping post on which the guilty were securely tied and beaten severely with raw hide.

The most important fundamentals such as the three R's: Readin', Ritin', and 'Rithmetic were taught in the middle class schools or Latin schools. The very first form of school or the elementary school was the Dame School. This was a school for the smaller children and a lady of the near vicinity, who had any knowledge whatsoever about the Bible, the Alphabet, and the Lord's Prayer, could teach it. The child generally left there at the age of seven or eight and went to the Latin School where he obtained the fundamentals of Latin and Greek and with this knowledge he was eligible for college at the age of fourteen or fifteen.

The first college in America was Harvard, established in 1636; followed by William and Mary in Virginia in 1693; Yale in Connecticut in 1701; Princeton in New Jersey in 1746; Philadelphia, now the University of Penn., in 1749; King's, now Columbia in New York; in 1759; and Rhode Island, now Brown University in 1764.

Conditions in the colleges, although much better than those of the elementary grades were not up to the standard of today and the Northern colleges taught mostly for the preparation for the ministry.

Conditions outside of the New England States were very poor, and Massachusetts ranked first in Education.

So we therefore see that education has progressed rapidly since those early days and that the City of Boston and towns such as Randolph should take great pride in their modern school buildings; and the children should realize how fortunate they are and make much of their opportunities for Study.

Owen Kiernan, '31.

What you attain by chance you soon tire of; what you gain by work you appreciate.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Randolph

Think of the hardships explorers went through to conquer the New World so as to make it their home with peace and liberty within it!

In earlier years, Randolph was a part of the mother-town known as Old Brainerd. It was on March 9, 1793 that the present town of Randolph came into existence. At first there seemed no name which satisfied all until the name of Peyton Randolph was suggested in order to make it live forever, as he was president of the First Continental Congress and well known in the House of Burgesses at Virginia, as well as a native of that state.

It was not like starting a new colony with just a few people; no, it was already well settled by such families as we often hear of: Alden, Stetson, Paine, Belcher and many others. Several streets had been established, and the present North Street was a path leading to Bridgewater. Liberty is another old street as is also Main Street.

Randolph soon became of the manufacturing mind and was among the first to manufacture boots and shoes.

Another group of people thought they could form a colony of their own, and so the daughter of Randolph sprang up, namely, Holbrook. This name was chosen in honor of a prominent man in Randolph.

Remember there were no electric lights, no expensive roads, no modern means of transportation, and no schools until the Honorable Amasa Stetson left considerable money to establish a school. He was a native of this town and through thrifty habits had accumulated a large fortune. He also erected the Town Hall which bears his name today.

Another bequest to the town, the library, was built through the funds left by Royal Turner and a fund of \$10,000 was left for the purchasing of books.

Randolph is among the old towns and it should be remembered that it was only through the desire for peace, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness that our forefathers established it.

Virginia Hall, '31.

Tragedy

We are unconscious as we go through life of the tragedies in the lives of our associates. Often the victims of unfortunate circumstances hide their troubles so cleverly that they escape our notice. We must know them intimately to realize that life could have been much sweeter for them, yet they go through life without murmuring, without despairing but with a smile for everyone. Bitterness has no place in their hearts.

We ordinarily think of a tragedy as full of gloom and sorrow without a light of hope, but we may also find a noble side. We may say that we appreciate their courage and yet, would we imitate them if placed under their circumstances? The parents of ungrateful children show their nobility of soul by looking for no return, feeling satisfied that their children have reaped the advantages of the sacrifice which they have made for them.

It is the faith of these good souls which brings out the beautiful side of the tragedy which they are living. Worldly treasures may be flung before their eyes and snatched away, still they remain firm in their pursuit of happiness.

Although the world may look upon these people in scorn, these wise people feel sad for the worldly-minded persons who have fastened all their hopes on worldly values.

The tragedy is not all gloom, there is the noble side which we see when we judge according to the real values of life.

Mary McLaughlin, '31.

False friendship is as the chrysanthemum, whose beauty dies with the first shower. True friendship is as the lowly mint, whose fragrance grows as the rain falls.

* * * *

Many of our useful thoughts die away without doing their office, vanishing like bubbles almost as soon as they appear.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Worthwhile Opportunities

They are with us always, of course, if we have eyes to see, and ears to hear, and hearts to welcome them—these opportunities to make other people and the world at large a little brighter and happier because we are here. But taken all in all, doesn't it seem that November opens more and wider avenues for helpfulness than almost any other month of the year? Perhaps this is because it is Thanksgiving month, and we have so much to be grateful for that we should scarcely know what to do if we couldn't share a portion of the many blessings that have fallen to our lot.

So let us be thankful for them—especially those which invite cooperation in humanitarian work that not one of us could do alone.

Hilda Cederholm, '31.

Neatness

A state of preservation in which all things must be kept. Without this necessary element in every day life, how clean would you be, your home, your office, your town, and your state? Just a small paper here or there causes no exertion to be picked up. Neatness is the keynote of appearance.

You may have a marvelous personality, be very learned, nevertheless minus trimness your character would diminish.

'Tis but a straw in the hay of life.

Virginia Hall, '31.

Friendship

What is a Friend? One to whom you can go to in time of need. This is of major importance but to consider a few minor details.

Little courtesies such as notes, pleasant words and thoughts, are always appreciated, cheerfulness helps in one's duties as does being unselfish.

Friendship is: A star of hope in the cloud of adversity; the jewel which shines the brightest in the darkness; and a diamond in the ring of acquaintanceship.

Without amity the world could hardly exist. Amity involves love, sympathy,

and help, the triple alliance.

It is the light of the world mounted on a pedestal which peaks the torch of liberty.

Happiness, an important factor of friendship, may more fully be defined in the following:

In friendships.
In good wishes.
In helping others.
In friendly letters.
In pleasant words.
In little courtesies.
In little kindnesses.
In unselfish service.
In social intercourse.
In a clean conscience.
In work that we love.
In mutual confidences.
In healthful recreation.
In cultivating the mind.
In doing duty cheerfully.
In making others happy.
In facing life with a smile.
In achieving worthy ambitions.
In the companionship of books.
In doing one's best regardless of reward.

We must not be behind time in doing good; for death will not be behind his time.

Virginia Hall, '31.

My First Solo Flight

In the cold, gray dawn of an early April morning I arrived at the flying field and found my instructor waiting beside my little Curtiss pursuit plane. I surveyed the plane, trying to look wise, but not succeeding very well if one could judge by the grin of the pilot. Finally, my sense of importance satisfied, I clambered into the rear cockpit. My instructor calmly walked over, minus helmet or leather jacket and directed me to start the engine. I did so, vaguely wondering why the pilot was not ready to go up. Then to my great astonishment he yelled: "Contact!" to the mechanic near by and the propellor began to spin rapidly. I didn't know what to make of this and looked around bewilderedly. Lo and behold! There was my pilot, walking nonchalantly towards the office, and in the other direction my

Patronize Our Advertisers

mechanic sauntered equally as nonchalantly toward the hangars. Then a sudden light dawned upon me and a great doubt rose in my mind. My heart sank to my boots and a cold chill ran up my spine. Was that instructor going to let me, a mere student, take my first solo today without even a warning? What did he know about flying anyway? I turned again, and he, standing in the office doorway, grinned cheerfully and waved to me to take off. Well! I'd show them I wasn't afraid! I took a deep breath, pressed hard on the accelerator and taxied almost to the end of the field. I reached frantically for the stick and pulled it back for might and main, slowly, ever so slowly, I rose, just skimming the tops of the trees that circled the aerodrome. Higher and higher rose my plane and at last I ventured to peer cautiously over the side. There was that pilot waving wildly to me to loop and try out the stunts I had just learned. I gulped convulsively, shut my eyes tight and turned over, after a good many dizzy stunts, to my great relief he signalled me to land. I shut off the motor and glided lazily to a perfect landing. My pilot ran out on the field to meet me and a mechanic appeared from another direction on the run. As I climbed out of the cockpit and stood groggily by my plane, and while I was receiving congratulations from all sides, I felt a great sense of exultation. I had taken my first solo flight!

Helen McCarty, '32.

The Foxy Fox

Austin came out of his revery with a start. That face! The sight of it brought surging to his brain—memories. They had just slumbered, not died as he had longed to believe. Still he saw the face. Now it moved onward, onward, out of his sight.

Austin wondered. Had he really seen it after all or was it just a phantom; a spectre from the dead?

There are men who, like dark shadows, come swiftly and silently, to lend an impression, then vanish forever.

Austin was one of these. Three years before he had come to Laireston. From

where, no one knew. Since then he had lived a solitary, mysterious existence, confiding in no one, seeking no confidences. Why he did these things, no one could imagine. Only he knew that story.

Many years before there had been another Austin, Austin, the gambler and thief. His better nature had risen, however, and he, not altogether bad, had resolved to live another life and be a man. So far he had succeeded well. He was a new man but still a man with a past.

Now there came a spoiler, his old enemy, "The Fox."

Austin visualized what would happen: Fox, through clever letters, would let out the whole story without implicating himself. Fox did things that way. For him, Austin, there would remain no chance to make amends, no chance to explain himself, no chance at all—just ignominious shame.

The phone rang. It was Fox's voice.

"Listen, is this Austin? Yes? Well, I want you to do something for me. You've got to do it. I'll see you. Good-bye."

That was all. Yet Austin foresaw all that would happen. They would have a struggle. Fox would try to pull him back, just by a mere something, yes, but back still, to the old life of crime. If he resisted, Fox would squeal. What could he do?

The door swung open. In strode Fox. He was brief and to the point.

"Yes, I imagine it's to go back to the old game, but I won't."

Fox gasped.

"This beats all!"

Austin thought he didn't believe it and to impress him he almost shouted, "Well, I mean it!"

Now, Fox looked relieved. He did express the strangest sentiments at the most unusual times.

"I'm glad you do!"

"I'm the newly-appointed Chief-of-Police and I was going to make you keep quiet. This is a surprise, isn't it?"

Austin thought he was dreaming.

"Yes, a pleasant one. Let's be friends!"

Grace Ginnety, '32.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Competition

Competition in school, sports, and social events! Yes, competition in almost everything she had endeavored to do. This was the thought of Jean Wainwick as she sat down to prepare her Vergil assignment. Rival, certainly there was a rival. Where competition lingers a rival is present also.

"Oh! how I would like to get the lead in that senior play, but how to go about it I really don't know."

Why let her thoughts dwell on such things that never would or could happen. Barbara Standish had received the lead in all plays which their class had had. She possessed culture in voice, and she really impressed the audience. No wonder leads were always given to her in plays. But didn't she, Jean, possess these same qualities? Jean had always tried for a minor part in the plays and had always been chosen for it.

Her thoughts returned to her Latin which she had vainly been trying to do and at the same time thinking these things. After many moments of desperate struggling with the translation she gave it up as a poorly done job.

All the next day in school her mind was on that thought of the senior class play. She was absorbed in it so much that she even forgot in English class that her rival was giving an oral composition, a thing which she never did before, because she was always on the lookout for mistakes.

Friday was the day set for the tryout for the different parts in the senior play. Would Jean try for the lead? That was the question which drummed through her mind from the time school began until it was dismissed. After arguing very much with herself she decided to try for it. At least, all that could happen would be that she wouldn't or would get the part.

When all the hopeful seniors had assembled in the assembly hall, the different parts they were to try for were read. The feminine lead was that of a girl who was full of fun and athletically inclined. Miss Black, the senior class advisor, was to be the judge of who should best merit each part.

When Miss Black asked who was going to try for the feminine role, only two right hands were raised. One belonging to Jean, the other to Barbara. When asked to read some excerpts from the part which she was trying for, Jean faltered as she thought, "Was it too late to give up trying for the part. No, she could never do that for the rest of the seniors would think her a coward." She stood up erect, holding her proud head high, determined to do her best. She read in her clear distinct voice, putting expression where it was needed.

"That will be enough," Miss Black's voice interrupted her.

Then Barbara stood up, the same defiant and unconquerable look on her face, and read the same part. Jean had read this part equally as well. Who would get the part? Surely here was a competition evenly balanced. Yet someone would have to receive the part. Both could not play it.

Miss Black was baffled, herself. "Well, she said, her cool voice breaking the silence in the hall, it seems to me that we will have to take the vote of the class on this part."

When the vote of the class had been taken Jean was victorious. Yes, Barbara was her unconquerable rival in all things but popularity. Popularity with your friends and classmates counts toward your success in school.

Hazel Dockendorff, '31.

A Music Soliloquy

"Betty Coed" "Your Glance Is Like A Sweet Caress" "Under The Sweetheart Tree" and "Sweetheart Of My Student Days" after I say "Good Evenin'" "I'll Be Blue Thinking Of You" but "Just Imagine" "Some Sweet Day" "You Darlin'" "I'll be "Confessin' I Love You" while "Swinging In A Hammock" and "You" will "Go Home And Tell Your Mother" to "Cheer Up" for "Around The Corner" "Alone With My Dreams" "We'll Be Living A Life Of Dreams" and "Give Yourself A Pat On The Back" for "You're The Sweetest Girl This Side Of Heaven" so "Bye, Bye, Blues" for "Happy Days Are Here Again" and I'm "In My Blue Heaven".

Arvid Anderson, '32.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Alphabet

A is for excellence, a mark we should get
 B is for Boyer, who gets A's you bet
 C is for Clark the loudest of all
 D is for Debe who's so very small
 E is for Edith, the flirt of our class
 F is for Frances, a quiet wee lass
 G is for Grammar in which some of us are faulty
 H is for Helen who's sometimes called Scotty
 I is for Irene, demure and petite.
 J is for Jack, who gives us a rare treat
 K is for Krupka, whose poems take the honor
 L is for Lord, who comes from Goose Corner
 M is for Melvin, our great sporting champ
 N is for Nugent, the big Tower Hill Vamp
 O is for Owen, the most popular of all.
 P is for Porter, so lanky and so tall
 Q is for quality which we possess
 R is for Ralph, the bookkeeper of the class
 S is for Smith, the fine trumpet musician
 T is for Taylor, the mathematician
 U is for Unity which keeps us as one
 V is for Vigor, the Freshmen need some
 W is for Wallace, who is a mystery to us
 X is for Xams, over which we all fuss
 Y is for Yellow, which none of us are
 Z is for Zielfelder who comes from afar
 All is for us the whole class of thirty-one
 And we expect to keep fighting for the things to be won.

James Norris, '31.

How Honesty Paid For Patriotism At The Tercentenary

"What do you say, Frank? Let's go to see the Tercentenary parade."

A smart looking boy addressed these words to his chum, Frank Rockford.

"No, I don't think I want to see it, Al," Frank said in a sort of despondent tone.

"Oh, come on. Snap out of it! Worrying won't do you any good, but seeing

the parade will. It will abstract your thoughts from our troubles. Haven't we been chums all these years? Well, then act like a chum—and come.

"Another thing, aren't you interested enough in your country, your state, your city to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, the foundation of our great city—Boston? Be a good sport, be patriotic by celebrating this day. You know—"

"Oh, all right. Rather than hear a speech like that, I'd go to a hundred parades."

Al Atkins and Frank Rockford were both orphans—alone in the world from their earliest years. They lived together in the third story room of a cheap boarding house where this conversation took place. Out of work, rent due, lack of food and clothing—all these difficulties confronted the two young lads; yet, like the good sports they were, they took their lot good naturedly.

An hour later, the two additional figures of Frank and Al were added to the throng gathered to witness the parade. They worked through the crowd to the front line, and thus obtained an excellent view of what was happening.

Suddenly from the monotony and clatter all around rose a cheer, as a platoon of mounted police, who were clearing the way, headed the parade up Tremont Street. This was the beginning of a long line of soldiers, bands, various floats, and other organizations.

Then followed Mayor Curley of Boston in a beautiful, foreign car. There were also many other important personages. Naturally these important figures of our present life received more cheers than practically any other part of the parade.

As the flags of our country, the stars and stripes, appeared floating in the breeze, they caused a feeling of pride and emotion to swell in one's heart—pride at the rapid development of our country, state, and city.

The Yankee Division, the National Guards of Massachusetts, next followed led by General Edwards who was ap-

Patronize Our Advertisers

plauded at every step. He not only rode horseback but also walked.

A group, representing General George Washington and some of his Continental army, passed next in review. Nearly the whole history of the United States was unfolded in a series of floats and parades; especially prominent were scenes and characteristics of the Colonial Period.

Band after band appeared—some mounted, others unmounted; some white, and others black—playing popular airs and marches.

Snap! The rope broke and the crowd was thrust forward. Al and Frank, being in the front line, were naturally pushed out in the street as were all the others in their whereabouts—thus impeding the progress of the parade. A group of police pushed the mob back to its normal position.

Since Al was separated from Frank and had lost his place in the front line, he endeavored to find his chum. He was elbowing the crowd when he felt a crunching under his foot. Looking down a black object met his gaze. Amidst the crowd, it was very difficult to pick up anything from the pavement; yet, he managed with much shoving and squirming to obtain the object. He couldn't examine it in that crowd, so he put it in his pocket. Then looking around, he saw his pal just a few feet from him. Of course, they were glad they found each other. Al told him about his find and both were curious to know what it was.

A screechy noise, gradually increasing in volume, came up the street. This now attracted their attention. Down the street came a float representing the Chinese people; on this float the weirdest music, on very quaint and crude instruments, was being played by a Chinese orchestra. The Chinese royalty was represented in such a way that it really appeared to be a royal scene in Oriental China.

Almost every country in the world was very cleverly represented by a float or showing of some kind.

File after file of soldiers, arranged in an order so symmetrically that they ap-

peared pleasing to the eye, passed before the thousands of spectators.

Loving and faithful pupils represented their schools in the procession.

The Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and Red Cross members formed other sections of the parade.

Finally, as dusk began to envelop the city in her dark mantle, the end of the parade arrived.

The streets were rapidly cleared of their multitude, and the city was left to slumber through the night.

Two lads, tired and hungry, returned to their cheap but welcome room in the boarding house.

"Oh," said Frank, "what did you find? I'm anxious to know."

"My gosh, I forgot all about it. Here it is!" Al ejaculated and drew a black, dusty leather case from his pocket. On unfolding it from a crumbled condition, he found a black leather wallet in his hand. Some coins dropped to the floor from the container. These accounted for the crunching beneath his foot.

"It's money!" he exclaimed.

Peering into the wallet, he saw a wad of bills. He counted them—one hundred dollars!

"One hundred dollars," they both murmured—amazed and stunned hoping no name card was with the wallet, yet fearing there was identification of some kind in the leather envelope.

With a quivering hand Al reached in and drew out a card and some other papers. A sigh of disappointment passed through his lips, because on the card was written:

Mr. Thomas R. Brown
1200 Commonwealth Avenue,
Boston, Mass.

"What luck!" said Frank. "I thought we might have had that hundred to use, but the only thing we can do now is to return it to the owner."

"You're right, Frank, as much as we need it, it is not ours," muttered Al unhappily.

The next day found two boys standing in the front of a beautiful large mansion on Commonwealth Avenue. They were conducted into a library where sat a rather stout elderly gentle-

man.

He received them kindly and asked: "Well, sons, what can I do for you?"

"Are you Mr. Brown?" asked Al.

The old gentleman appeared puzzled, but answered in the affirmative.

"Mr. Brown, did you lose a black leather—?"

"Did you find it? Tell me quickly," said Mr. Brown very much excited.

"Yes," he answered, "and the papers and money are just the way you left them."

He handed the wallet to Mr. Brown.

"Good! yelled the man," as he heaved a sigh of relief. "Boys, you don't realize how important those papers are to me. Here, keep this hundred dollars and call tomorrow."

Before the boys could even think of thanking him, he rushed them out of the room like a maniac.

The very next day they called again on Mr. Brown. He received them very cordially and at his request the boys told the story of their life,—even about going to the parade although they were out of work and facing adverse conditions—and finally by telling him how Al found the wallet.

Mr. Brown said: "If it were not for your patriotism and your pride in our country and your honesty, I should not have those important papers now. For the favor you have done for me, I am giving you each a position in my factory as a result of your honesty."

Frank and Al left his office very well satisfied with the results of the Tercenary parade.

Gilbert Boyer, '31.

Rules for Composition

By "A. Little"

Use white papa.

Use blue or black ink on white papa.

Leave ½-inch margin at right of papa.

POOR PAPA

* * * *

J. Norris: "Can you lend me a dollar for a week, old man?"

A. Conrad: "Where's the weak old man?"

To A Friend

Tis a satisfyin' feelin'

Just to know that you're my friend
And no matter what's the trouble
That on you I can depend.

For the world is full of sorrow
And life's path is full of stones
And a fellow's only comfort
Is the few real friends he owns.

You're so comfortin' and soothin'
When my heart is full of aches,
And your way of sympathizin'
What a change in me it makes.
When I hear your little whisper
Then my troubles start to mend,
And it's then I'm mighty thankful
That I claim you as a friend.

It takes more than words to tell it,
For my life has been much sweeter
Since I've had you as a friend.
I can never make you know,
All the good that you have done me
When I've hoed my roughest row.
But I'll always keep a-tryin',
Keep a-tryin' to the end,

D. Smith: "Hey! If you don't let go of my coat I'll call a post-office inspector?"

A. Murphy: "Why a post-office inspector?"

D. Smith: "Because you're delaying the U. S. Male."

* * * *

Miss Laughter: "A gerund is a word that comes from a verb and is used as part verb and part noun. Use letter as a gerund, Parker."

W. Parker: "Letter alone."

* * * *

J. Norris (after listening to E. Clark's lengthy oration on what he could do): "Say! Name one thing you can't do and I'll do it for you."

E. Clark: "That will be great. I can't pay Porter that two dollars I owe him."

* * * *

The two most profound thinkers in the world:

GILBERT BOYER
& EINSTEIN

Patronize Our Advertisers

My Narrowest Escape

It was a cold, wintry day when we started out to climb the Alps with our guides. These massive mountains loomed up before us like stately monuments as we walked to their base from our little, mountain hut.

The members of our party were securely tied together with heavy ropes; the guides being distributed alternately among our adventurers. We had pondered long over the thought of risking our lives in order to be able to say we had climbed the Alps. It was tempting, yet our friend, the chief guide, had to do a great deal of persuading.

Well, we were on our way; live or die, we were going! Stealthily, we climbed over crag and stump; we hugged rock after rock; we didn't dare to look down.

Soon, we came to a flat projection on which we stood for a few moments and stared into the abyss below.

It seems that when people climb, they never think of the descent until they get to the top; and then that unconquerable fear comes over them. Would we ever be able to get down? It would be a matter of feeling our way and taking a chance. But the guides were going higher! Higher above the clouds until it seemed as though my breath was leaving me. I followed mechanically. It was all I could do, being tied to the others as they were tied to me.

We climbed and climbed and finally came to the peak, a heaven-kissing peak. We couldn't go any higher, and I was glad of that! I stopped and looked out among the fleecy clouds. It was wonderful, think of it, on the loftiest pinnacle of the Alps, looking into the clouds!

We stayed there for fifteen minutes to rest and enjoy the panorama and then started down. The descent was, as I had anticipated, a matter of feeling your way with your feet like going down a ladder. We were nearing the bottom of the snow capped area when I felt something slide under my foot. I was slipping! The milky snow had given away beneath me! What would I do? I held on to a crag and tried to call, but speech failed me. There I dangled

knowing not what would happen next. If they pulled the rope, I would be snatched from the crag and then—no one knows what would happen. I waited, and when the guide ahead of me stepped lower I felt the rope tug. Yes, I'll have to let go. But how could I? I might be killed. In a moment, which seemed to me an hour, the guide higher up than I was, lowered his foot to find a possible step. I called to him with what voice I could gather. He turned, hearing my cry, and came to pull me to safety. What a relief it was to feel my foot on firm ground! I descended quickly to the winding path near the base of the mountains. When we gathered together, it seemed like something never expected to come true.

We were safely on firm ground. Would I ever climb the Alps again? I'd like to see some one stop me!

Mary McLaughlin, '31.

Thought

Deep, the sunless seas amid,
Far from man, from angels hid,
Where the soundless tides are rolled
Over ocean's treasure hold,
With dragon eye and heart of stone,
The Ancient Merman mused alone.

And aye his arrowed thought he wings,
Straight at the inmost core of things—
As mirrored in his magic glass
The lightning footed ages pass,—
And knows nor joy nor earth's distress
But broods on ever lastingness.

Thoughts that love not
Thoughts that hate not
Thought that age and change wait not,
All unfeeling;
All revealing;
Scorning heights and depths concealing.

These be mine—and these alone!
Saith the Merman's heart or stone
Flashed a radiance far and nigh
As from the vertex of the sky,—
Lo! A maiden beauty-bright
And mantled with mysterious might
Of every power, below, above,
That weaves resistless spell of love.

Owen Kiernan, '31.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Alumni

Pleasing indeed is the news we have received from our splendid alumni. Read about these former students and see how proud we are.

1922

Miss Amy Campbell is a teacher in the Commercial Department in the Lexington High School.

Miss Mary Dean is a teacher in Norwood, Mass.

1925

Mr. Joseph Donovan graduated from Boston College in June, 1930, and entered the Passionist Novitiate in West Springfield in July, 1930.

1926

Miss Mary Connors is a senior in Boston University, School of Education, and at the present time in training in the Stetson Junior High School.

Mr. Gerald Smith is a student at Harvard University.

1927

Miss Alice Dickie is a student in Boston University.

Miss Pauline Doble is a student at the Boston Teachers' College.

Mr. Daniel Leavitt is a student at the Utica School of Physical Education, Utica, N. Y.

Miss Clare Sullivan has been appointed Drawing Supervisor of Randolph, Avon and Holbrook.

1928

Miss Grace Alden is a student at the Framingham Normal School.

Miss Irene Bossi is a nurse at the Sunnyside Hospital, Somerville, Mass.

Miss Dorothy Teed is attending the Vesper George School of Art, Boston, Mass.

1929

Mr. Roy Gavin is a student in the University of Maine.

Mr. Vincent Kiernan is a student at Boston College.

Mr. Henry Merrill is attending the Mt. Herman School for Boys.

Miss Rose Doyle is attending the Gorham Normal School, Gorham, Maine.

1930

Miss Yvonne Bossi entered Saint Joseph's Novitiate, Framingham, on September 8, 1930.

Misses Evelyn Purcell and Mary Camelio are student nurses at Saint Margaret's Hospital in Dorchester.

Mr. Thomas Hoyer is a student at Gorham Normal School, Gorham, Maine.

Miss Elizabeth Jones is a student at the Brockton Business College.

Mr. John Mulvey is a student at the Gorham Normal School, Gorham, Maine.

"Snakes?"

The distance between Helen and her pursuers gradually lessened, as her strength slowly waned. At last, completely exhausted and unable to budge another foot, she reluctantly gave herself up to what seemed to her immediate doom. Turning her gaze in the direction from whence she came, she was confronted with four pin-points of fire which on further scrutiny proved to be the eyes of the coiled bodies of her pursuers—two huge snakes. She gasped, and shuddered with fear as she thought: "Soon these demoniacal reptiles will end my life in a merciless fashion. Oh! What could be more deplorable!"

Clinching her eyes together for a few seconds to relinquish her gaze from those horrible, writhing forms and fiery, hypnotizing eyes which seemed to be cautiously edging nearer and nearer with uncanny rapidity, she tried in vain to think, but her mind was in a confusion jumbled snakes and impending doom.

Suddenly like a thunderbolt from the sky, a limb from a nearby tree cracked and dropped to the ground not far from Helen's helpless form. Lurching forward to seize it the briars entangled her foot, throwing her headlong into the path of her pursuers. Like a flashlight penetrating the darkness with its glaring gleam, her mind became a throbbing crash. As she struck the ground with terrific force, she heard a voice calling her by name. Startled at this, she ventured to open her eyes only to look into the bewildered face of her young sister, who in her frantic endeavors to wake Helen up, had pushed her out of bed.

This shock brought Helen back to earth. Her dream had ended. Alice, her little sister, was loudly bewailing the fact that Helen had awakened her.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Helen, however, was utterly oblivious of everyone and everything except the lump on the back of her head.

Mary Dolan, '32.

School News Senior Class

The first meeting of the class of 1931 was held in Room 14 on September 18, presided over by Owen Kiernan, Acting President.

The following class officers were elected:

President	Owen Kiernan
Vice President	Clement Taylor
Treasurer	James Norris
Secretary	Mary McLaughlin
Executive Committee	
Jane Brennan	John Cartwright
Philip Boyle	

Miss Brennan and Mr. Riley are the class advisors for the coming year.

Junior Class

The first meeting of the class of 1930 was held in Room 14, on September 24, presided over by Mr. Swett.

The following class officers were elected:

President	Frank Jensen
Vice President	Lloyd French
Treasurer	Russell Swallow
Secretary	Betty Oldfield
Executive Committee	
Lee Mather	Margaret Murphy
Jerome Shea	

Sophomore Class

The first meeting of this class was held on Wednesday, October 22, 1930. The following officers were elected:

President	Alfred Willis
Vice President	Howard Robbins
Treasurer	Mary Kelleher
Secretary	Hazel Clifford

Freshman Class

The first meeting of the Freshman Class of Stetson High School was held on October 24, 1930, in Chapin Hall. The following officers were elected:

President	Francis Marchant
Vice President	Warren Robbins
Treasurer	Robert Curran
Secretary	Ralph Wilde

League Meeting

On Wednesday, October 22, 1930, the Oracle Staff of Stetson High School attended a meeting of the League of School Publications of Southeastern Massachusetts, held at Weymouth High School. After the different schools registered we were welcomed by Principal Hilton of Weymouth and then we reported to the departmental meetings.

The Executive Committee which is composed of the Principals and Faculty Advisors of the twenty-five schools making up the League was presided over by Mr. Brown of Weymouth High School. Several reports were made and different school papers were discussed, and suggestions offered for the benefit of all papers. Miss Winifred Brennan was elected secretary of the Executive Committee of the League for the ensuing year.

Helpful information was received at the Departmental Meetings on how to make the school paper more interesting.

Discussion took place in regard to making the covers of the school papers attractive. At the end of the Departmental Meeting we reported to the girls' gym where supper was served and during the supper cheers were given by the different schools and a real social hour enjoyed. We then adjourned to the Assembly Hall where a very enjoyable entertainment was given and was followed by dancing.

From this meeting we feel that we have obtained valuable information in regard to the publishing of our school paper.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank Weymouth High School publicly for the splendid manner in which they conducted the meeting.

Frances Thayer, '31.

V. Hall: "How do you like my new hat?"

F. Thayer: "Fine, but doesn't it fatigue your cartilagenous tissues?"

V. Hall: "Doesn't it what?"

F. Thayer: "Don't your ears get tired?"

Patronize Our Advertisers

Athletics



Football

A football spirit pervaded throughout the school at the start of the year and it was decided to have a football team in the school. Equipment was provided for the boys through the courtesy of those interested in the project. The call for candidates was issued on the second week of school and a large group of boys reported. Intensive practice for two weeks and what had been a mob of raw and unskilled fellows was now a perfectly working foot ball squad.

Owen Kiernan was elected manager and Harold Shea was elected Captain for the coming season. Our manager arranged a schedule of seven hard games to be played on successive Fridays. Our first game was with the Boston School for the Deaf and then came East Bridgewater and Scituate. All real good games which showed the loyalty and spirit of the squad and student body.

We sincerely hope that the work which was started this year will continue throughout the remaining years of Stetson High School.

Harold Shea.

Girls' Basketball

The call for basketball candidates was heralded with much enthusiasm among the Stetson High school girls. A lively and inspiring group reported at the first meeting. We hope that the interest that was shown at the first of the season will be continued throughout the year, for it is the students of the lower classes that will take the places of the veterans when the latter have graduated. Our desires are to have each class represented by a team and let the different classes compete for the class

championship. In doing this we hope to develop players for future use, but who are at present inexperienced for a position on the varsity team. Let's hope that the future teams of Stetson High School will be supported by a large number of candidates and rooters.

On March 22, 1930. Miss Alice Murphy, right forward for the past three seasons, was elected captain for the year of 1930-1931.

Miss Mary McLaughlin was elected manager of the team and now one of the hardest schedules ever tried by a girls' team of Stetson High School is being compiled by "Merrimac". We hope that our records of this year will beat those of the past by a large margin. Let's go!

Alice Murphy, Captain.

Dear Southeastern League:

Owing to the fact that Stetson High School was not a member of the League last year we have not been favored with so many copies of school papers. However, we gratefully acknowledge those papers we have received, and offer to them the following suggestions:

"The Harpoon", Dartmouth High School, Dartmouth, Massachusetts. Your Exchange Department is very complete but we would suggest that you add a few more jokes to your columns.

"The Students' Pen", East Bridgewater High School, East Bridgewater, Massachusetts. We suggest that a table of contents be added. Other than that, your departments are very complete.

"The Jabberwock", Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass. You have an excellent Literary Department.

John Cartwright,
Exchange Editor, 1931.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Jokes

Miss Good (reading from a Commercial Law book): "Smith offered \$500.00 to anyone who would rescue his wife from a burning building. Jones rescued her and claimed the reward. Smith refused. What would you do in that case, Ralph?"

R. Little: "Throw her back."

* * * *

Miss Laughter: "Who is it that keeps on talking and talking when no one is interested any more?"

E. Connors: "A teacher."

* * * *

Tourist: "Don't stand there. Go get the doctor."

Parker: "Er--he can't, sir. You just ran over him."

* * * *

P. Boyle: "Cut priced books down at the store today. 'The Abandoned Woman \$1.00'."

M. McGonnigle: "The unemployment situation surely is getting acute."

* * * *

E. Sullivan (reading from newspaper): "A gentleman named O'Sullivan gives you a roasting for wearing spats in his Florida civic magazine."

F. Wallace (the shiek): "No, but I wear things appropriately named for him."

* * * *

For Brainy People Only

How much does Toledo, O.?

How much does Harrisburg, Pa.?

How many eggs did New Orleans, La.?

Whose grass did Springfield, Mo.?

What made Chicago, Ill.?

You can call Minneapolis, Minn.

So why not Annapolis, Ann.?

If you can't figure these out, why—

We'll bet Topeka, Kan.

* * * *

Hack Shea: "I read where there were eight thousand Chinese massacred."

Clem Taylor: "That's one way to solve the unemployment problem."

* * * *

A. White: "Isn't it astounding, the money Babe Ruth makes?"

D. Lord: "Not so strange, Mother always says that a good batter makes good dough."

M. Nugent: "Why is it that so many Scotchmen settle right near churches?"

O. Kiernan: "How do I know?"

M. Nugent: "Because they like Rice Pudding."

* * * *

"Soup Baldner": "Really, Mel, your argument with your girl last night was amusing."

Mellie: "Wasn't it though? And when she threw the axe at me I thought I'd split."

* * * *

Alice White: "There are two sides to every question."

Helen Mac. "Yes, and there are two sides to a sheet of fly-paper, but it makes a big difference to the fly which side he chooses."

* * * *

Prof. Riley: "What can you tell me about nitrates?"

Derocher: "Well-er—they're a lot cheaper than day rates."

* * * *

Mutt & Jeff

PORTER & DEROCHE

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse, iuvabit."

Scilurus on his death bed, being about to leave four score sons surviving, offered a bundle of darts to each of them, and bade them break them.

When all refused, drawing out one by one, he easily broke them,—thus teaching them that if they held together, they would continue strong; but if they fell out and were divided, they would become weak.

Melvin McGonnigle, '31.

There are certain rumors around school that Ed. Conley slept in his football suit the night before the Scituate game.

The darts of adversity fail not to be useful to the righteous man; they cause him a profitable injury, as a hail-storm of precious stones might batter the leaves of a vine, but replace them by greater treasures.

Patronize Our Advertisers



ADVERTISING

Does it pay to advertise? That is a question universally disputed.

Did you ever stop to realize why America prospered? The answer is simply advertising. No educated person would ever purchase a product which was not advertised.

Advertising in the "Oracle" is of as much value as advertising in any newspaper. Consider that an issue of our magazine is found in practically every home.

An idea that I would like to impress upon the minds of the business men is that we are not asking charity. We are selling them advertisements. Also that our paper is not a program. It is a magazine published periodically.

The members of the staff wish to thank the business men for advertising their merchandise in our magazine. We are proud to have them listed among the reliable merchants of Randolph and surrounding towns.

Jane Brennan, '31, Advertising Manager.

**Less Than a Barrel of Ashes
to the Ton**

IMPORTED

CLEERCOAL

WOODSUM COAL COMPANY

38 CRESCENT AVENUE

SOUTH BRAINTREE

Telephone Braintree 0075

Patronize Our Advertisers



Richards & Brennan Co.

The Brennan Shoe

Compliments of

A. W. MYRICK, M.D.

Joseph T. Leahy
Insurance of all Kinds

Patronize Our Advertisers

RANDOLPH TRUST COMPANY

RANDOLPH, MASS.

We solicit your Savings and Checking Account.

\$1.00 will open a Savings Account in our bank. There is no limit to the amount you may deposit. Interest received on deposits in our Savings Department is free from all Town and State Taxes. Deposits draw interest from the 5th day of each month. \$100 will allow you the privilege of a checking account. Pay your bills by check for convenience.

Safe Deposit Boxes may be rented in our valuts as low as \$3.00 per year.

Interest at 5% Capital \$100,000 Surplus and Profits over \$130,000
Deposits \$1,350,000

LOUIS E. FLYE, President

JAMES V. DONOVAN, Treasurer

Copeland's
Filling Station
100% SOCONY SERVICE
Standard Oil Co. of N. Y.
OILING, GREASING
Credit Cards Good Here

Fall Opening Special

Blue Serge Suit \$24.50

Any Style and Size

Top Coats \$12.50 to \$25.00

Overcoat \$14.50 to \$60.00

We Clean any Plain Garment
\$1.00

BOSSI

Compliments of

CHARLES E. WELLS, M. D.

JEWELERS

OPTICIANS

PENS and PEN DESK SETS

We specialize in a large stock of fountain pens and pencils of all the
best makes—

WATERMAN'S, PARKER'S, CONKLIN'S, MOORE'S, SHEAFFER'S
and other good makes.

GURNEY BROTHERS CO.

In Business 89 Years

122 MAIN STREET

BROCKTON

Patronize Our Advertisers

MRS. NAIRN

Home Made Doughnuts

502 South Main Street

RANDOLPH

Telephone 0178

Compliments of

FRANK C. WALSH

**Groceries, Notions, Paints,
and Hardware**

Telephone 0020

NORTH MAIN STREET

Randolph Garage Co.

**Buick and Chevrolet
Cars**

F. J. Billingham W. H. Billingham
RANDOLPH, MASS.

Semensi Coal Co.

Dealers in

Charcoal, Coal and Coke

—o—

YARD AT

HOLBROOK DEPOT

Telephones: Rand. 0627-M, 0627-J

James J. Kelleher

Optometrist

63 Main Street, Brockton

233 North Main Street, Randolph

Compliments of

R. E. O'BRIEN

PLUMBING

and

HEATING

NED

THE BARBER

WINER'S

Hardware Store

Builders' Hardware

RADIOS STOVES

Kitchen Goods

MAIN STREET RANDOLPH

Patronize Our Advertisers

**Atlas
Portable Building
Company**

RANDOLPH, MASS.

Compliments of
C. H. SAUNDERS
MEATS
and Provisions

Where Economy Rules

**Grasse's Candy Shoppe
and Tea Room**

PARTIES BY APPOINTMENT

201 SOUTH MAIN STREET

Tel. Randolph 0372-M

Compliments of
S. CANNIZARRO
BROCKTON

SHOE REPAIR SHOP

Shoe Shine Parlor

7 SHORT STREET RANDOLPH

Compliments of
Porter's Pharmacy
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded
FRANK J. ROSTROM
Reg. Pharmacist
Fine line of
FOSS' AND DURAND'S
CANDIES

Porter's Block Randolph

Tel. Randolph 0070

COHEN BROTHERS

Cleansers and Dyers

FURS REMODELED

24-hours service on Cloth Garments

**We call for and deliver
promptly.**

School Footwear

**For those attending First Grade or Students in High School
It's Not Too Early to Think of Christmas Slippers**

Always a full stock.

DELANO, the shoeman

121 MAIN STREET

BROCKTON

Patronize Our Advertisers

W. W. ROBINSON

THE BARBER

314 NORTH MAIN STREET

RANDOLPH

Brook's Real Estate

McAuliffe's Block

MAIN STREET RANDOLPH

J. RICHARD O'NEIL

CLASS RINGS

110 HIGH STREET

BOSTON, MASS.

Compliments of

Rohlf's----Flowers

69 MILL STREET

RANDOLPH

Compliments of

**The
O. B. CRANE CO.**

AVON

MASSACHUSETTS

Compliments of

A Friend

LOUIE WINER

**"THE ONLY COBBLER
IN TOWN"**

SCHOOL STREET

RANDOLPH

Patronize Our Advertisers

HOOKER BROS.

MANUFACTURERS OF ICE CREAM

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Tel. Randolph 0470

Plant, School Street

Boyle's

Holbrook, Mass.

Porter's

NORFOLK LUMBER CO.

HOME MODERNIZERS

Building Supplies of all Descriptions

STOUGHTON

Phone 372

BRIDGEWATER

Phone 350

Compliments of

Jim Maloney

F. J. CURRAN

High Grade

Plumbing and Heating

—
Sheet Metal Work

M. E. Cain-Hannigan

HOSIERY, MILLINERY

and

UNDERWEAR

192 MAIN STREET

BROCKTON

MASS.

Schraut's Bakery

We specialize in

Wedding and Birthday

CAKES

MAIN STREET

RANDOLPH

MASS.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Compliments of

GEORGE V. HIGGINS, M. D.

Telephone Randolph 0163: Res. 0221-M

GEORGE HARRIS

I C E

241 South Street

Randolph

Mass.

Telephone Randolph 0443-M

Wren Funeral Home

51 NORTH STREET

Opposite Short Street

Tel. Ran. 0354

DRINKWATER & CO.

F L O R I S T S

DESIGNING and POTTED PLANTS A SPECIALTY

Flowers for All Occasions

Delivered Anywhere.

431 WEST STREET

RANDOLPH

Telephone Randolph 0163

Compliments of

TIMOTHY LYONS, Jr.

Patronize Our Advertisers

THE RAND STUDIO

Graduation Photographs of Quality have earned for
Rand the enviable reputation and have made this Studio
the choice of Graduation Classes throughout
Southeastern Massachusetts.

All sittings under the personal supervision of Mr. Rand
153 MAIN STREET, BROCKTON

TEL. 7740

Of Course the School Girls Like this Store

We've planned it for them. We want
them to like it.—we want them to enjoy
wearing the clothes purchased for them
here.

True wearing enjoyment, plus prices
that are always moderate.

James Edgar Company

BROCKTON

Compliments of

Randolph & Holbrook Light
and Power Company

Patronize Our Advertisers

Mrs. Walter R. Cartwright

J. Joseph Hurley

Compliments of

CARTWRIGHT & HURLEY, Inc.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

15 NORTH MAIN ST.

Tel. Connection

RANDOLPH, MASS.

BLANCHE'S BEAUTY SHOPPE

PERMANENT WAVING \$10.00

MARCEL WAVING

FINGER WAVING

FACIALS and MANICURING

Everything done at your convenience.

81 NORTH STREET

Tel. 0549-W

RANDOLPH

W. F. DUGGAN

HIGH GRADE RAW MILK

Telephone Randolph 0657

HOLBROOK, MASS.

H. A. POOLE FILLING STATION

GUARANTEED BATTERIES

Good Gulf Products

Telephone Randolph 0079-W

Patronize Our Advertisers

Compliments of
DUTCHLAND FARMS

BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Compliments of
M. E. LEAHY

Warren Street
RANDOLPH MASS.

North Main Street
Garage
Willys-Knight and Whippet
Sales and Service
Tel. Randolph 0012
BATTERIES TIRES

Most of the World's Great Artists use and endorse
CONN INSTRUMENTS

Why not join your School Band and learn to play one?

Ask your Principal to write us.

C. G. CONN, Ltd., of Boston
Statler Building

VILLAGE INN

LUNCHEON — DINNERS — BRIDGE PARTIES

1026 NORTH MAIN STREET

TELEPHONE 0664-W

Patronize Our Advertisers

WILLIAM F. MAGUIRE, D. M. D.

MASONIC BLOCK

Closed Wednesday afternoons. Open evenings. Sundays by appointment.

Telephone Randolph 0547-W

Telephone Randolph 0166-M

E. L. McAULIFFE

REAL ESTATE — MORTGAGES

and INSURANCE

Office: 105 Main Street

McAuliffe Block

RANDOLPH, MASS.

MINIATURE GOLF

Freeman Street, Stoughton Square

WALTER L. HICKEY

PRINTER

Printing of every description

Telephone 0095

RANDOLPH

Patronize Our Advertisers

GOOD SERVICE MOTOR SALES

Authorized



Dealers

GOOD SERVICE

WALTER J.

DAVID J., Jr.

THOMAS J.

536 SOUTH MAIN ST.

RANDOLPH

TELEPHONE 0189

Ralph Cartwright

Son of the late Walter R. Cartwright

Has opened an
**Undertaking and Embalming
Business**

at his home

18 Union Street, Randolph

Day or Night Service Telephone 0199-R

Compliments of

T. J. SALAMONE

SHOES REPAIRED

While You Wait

Get the Perfect Hair Cut

At

HOFFMAN'S

McAuliffe Building

North Main Street

Randolph

Compliments of

Randolph Beauty Shop

MARY M. DUFFY, Prop.

McAuliffe's Block

Compliments of

Brockton Gas Light Company

MAIN STREET

BROCKTON

MASS.

Telephone, Office 0471-M

Home 0300

Patronize Our Advertisers

Compliments of

McCARTHY

The Barber

WHITE & HILL

DRY GOODS

MAIN STREET OPPOSITE P. O.

RANDOLPH

E. C. YOUNG CO.

GARAGES

PORTABLE BUILDINGS

POULTRY HOUSES



WARREN STREET

RANDOLPH, MASSACHUSETTS

THE RANDOLPH NEWS CO. Inc.

Newspapers delivered to your home, Morning
Evening and Sunday.

Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars and
Cigarettes

We Deliver Ice Cream at no extra charge

105 North Main Street. Tel. 0280 Randolph, Mass.

Compliments of

J. F. Toomey

H. W. FRENCH

INSURANCE

All Kinds

Patronize Our Advertisers

Tel. Office 0471-M

Home 0300

HERMAN W. SMITH

DENTIST

Evenings and Sundays by appointment

331 NO. MAIN ST.

RANDOLPH, MASS.

Northeastern University

The School of Engineering

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers curriculums leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
CIVIL ENGINEERING
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING
INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING

The School of

Business Administration

Co-operating with business firms, offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

ACCOUNTING
BANKING AND FINANCE
BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

The Cooperative Plan of training enables the student to combine theory with two years of practice and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses. Students admitted in either September or December may complete the scholastic year before the following September.

For Catalog or Further information write to:

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions Boston, Massachusetts



Young Men and Women

You'll secure the position for which you apply and what is more important, keep it—if you can demonstrate your ability to handle real business intelligently and effectively.

We train young men and women to make the most of every opportunity, to climb the ladder of success step by step from the station of amanuensis or bookkeeper to the highest executive position.

We teach shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping, and all business branches so thoroughly that the best business houses are looking to us for their employees. The demand is greater than the supply. Let us fit you for a lucrative position. Ask for prospectus today.

WINTER TERM BEGINS—JANUARY 5th

BROCKTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

C. W. JONES, President

Office open day and Evening

Phone 635

224 MAIN STREET (Room 8), BROCKTON

Patronize Our Advertisers

